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Author of "Creole and Puritan," "The Rock or the Rye," "Four Years in Rebel Capitals," etc.

[Copyright by the Author. All rights reserved.] CHAPTER I. LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.



Bully! You'll go then?" interrupted the irrepressible Boomerang.

"Come along, old boy! I've fixed it at Thus cried Lieut. Tom Jones, U.S.A., bounding into my room in his usual hopskip-and-jump style, and causing thereby a deep gash in both the chins reflected in the cracked shaving glass of my

bachelor lodgings. "I rather think you have," I responded, half savagely, as I mopped my bleeding feature with a piece of blotting paper-

"Oh, bother your bleeding! Just listen: Ive borrowed the major's gray and the surgeon's 'Jalap,' done Uncle Bob out of his double sleigh, and we'll drive over to Shadynook and spend Jones, U. S. Boomerangs, spun round moted to the first corps of the "Black Crook." I looked at him until he regained a pose on the back of my armchair, with his feet on the cushion. Then I said gravely—the tone was meant to convey the most crushing sarcasm: "Slicer's Jalap and the major's gray?"

"Certainly-why not?" "Why not? Because, firstly, the gray never was in traces in his life; secondly, because the sorrel never would go in double harness, you know."

"Yes, I know. But, then, they're both old enough to begin; so come, old fellow, pack your traps. Til give the ponies a whirl down the road to keep 'em quiet and use 'em to the bells. Hurry; I'll be back before you say 'Jack Robinson!'" I stared at my friend to see if he was really in earnest before I replied: "Tom Jones, do I look like a lunatic?

Have you any reason to justify believing me a fit subject for the padded room? My dear boy," I added gently,"my neck is far too valuable to my country to risk breaking it for the sake of breaking old Slicer's sorrel and your uncle's sleigh."

"Why, they're at the door now-just look at 'em," responded the lieutenant, walking to the window. "They're as quiet as a pair of lambs. The sorrel has only one leg over the pole, and the sergeant and my orderly can hold the gray's head nearly still! Come! throw some things into a valise and be ready by the time I get back."

I threw myself on the sofa and stretched out my comfortable slippers to the sea coal fire by way of reply.

"Can't do it, Tom. I'm too valuable member of society to think of suicide "Nonsense! We'll have no end of a jolly time at Belton's-raise the neighborhood-skate on the pond-make

floods of eggnogg-shock the old 'unand have a glorious german to wind up." I shook my head. "Can't do it, T. Jones. Even did I want to ruin my life insurance people I've engagements at home I cannot break," and I looked very important as I dwelt on this announcement. "You see, I lead the choir for their Christmas practice to-night; I've been pledged for a month for my Christmas dinner at the mayor's, and I-ahem-I skate Miss Bet-

tie on the pond this after"-"Oh, what a head I have!" Tom broke in. "Didn't I mention that? Uncle Bob says Bet's to go with us, and she says you must be sure to come. And mind, quiet. Bet swears he'd never believe

Before that young lieutenant had half finished his sentence I was at the window gazing at those horses with an interest no quadrupeds ever possessed for me before. The sorrel had fallen in his effort to get his leg back over the pole, the grizzly old sergeant was sitting composedly on his head, blowing huge clouds from his pipe, while the orderly unbuckled the traces. The gray amused himself meanwhile by snapping viciously at the boy who held him, and with every snap he made a vain lunge with his heels at Solicits the patronage of the community | the orderly's fatigue cap, the latter dodging beautifully as ever did a practiced sparrer before a big bruiser. The view was not encouraging. They certainly were hardly the pair to risk a young lady's-or my own-neck with, even though Tom was famous throughout his corps as a perfect Rarey. "By George!" I half soliloquized, "I

fornia, or any point WEST or NORTH- don't think she'd be safe behind those "Bosh! With me driving? Only the bells tease them a little for the moment. One turn down the road and I'll bring them back like a pair of sheep."

> "But I hardly think"-"And I certainly know. Come! Bet's crazy to go, and says she depends on you to persuade Uncle Bob the horses are

"Miss Dettiedoes?" I hesitated. There was a lump in my throat and a singing in my ears; I was deucedly afraid of the mad beasts myself, but then she wanted AM PREPARED TO REPAIR AND to go, so I added: "Well, perhaps after Rebuild, as well as to build outright, all all they may be a little quieter soon. And, Tom, you do-ah-really think them safe? "Certainly I do, and Bet does, too.

She's not a bit afraid." That decided me. mouse of a blonde, she was the direct "Tom Jones"-I spoke with deep solemnity. I knew that moment what they felt who saw the tumbril ready to bear them to the hungry knife of the first revolution-"Tom Jones, I will go, of course. But, Tom, pray do not use that horrid abbreviation of your cousin's

was off with a flurry of snow and a I am not a dab at the classics, so I will not say how, having plunged like Cur-

tius into this gaping sleigh ride, I now sat like Marius, amid the ruins of my wardrobe. But I did tumble all its contents into the middle of the floor and then sat among them, hopeless of cramming into my small valise half enough for this all important Xmas visit! But she wanted to go! I was to risk my neck for her sake-by her side. Delicious thought! So just as the bells again jingled at the door I jumped upon my distended portmanteau, sprung the lock, and answered Tom with a yell as wild Now, perhaps I should explain that Tom Jones and I had always been chums. Residents of the same village and children of intimate friends, we had thumbed the same algebra, robbed the same or-

cool, you-Bet."

hurrah from the crowd.

chards and been flogged by the same pedagogue. In fact, we had never been two weeks apart until his appointment to West Point, five years before, had separated us. Tom's persevering industry in running bounds to "Cozzens," and his assiduous course of "Benny Havens," had scarcely been thoroughly rewarded, for his graduation-third in his class counting from the bottom-made him a brevet second lieutenant in the United States Boomerangs. It had found me a dignified but patient lawyer in the incipient metropolis of Piketon. Happy chance had thrown Tom at the arsenal near by, and had introduced his chosen friend to the family circle of his Uncle Blythe.

There I soon became ami de maison. Mayor Blythe-he was the revered chief magistrate of Piketon-was a brother lawyer, and a man of high social and literary renown. He had a capitally "I rather think you have; but what in chosen library, a warm heart, a celethe world have you fixed, besides my brated cook and a rare assortment of such wines! And then-hem!-like Jephthah of old, he had "one fair daughter and no more."

But such a daughter! and the most perfect mold of female form | martyr to her stupidity, that I might be Christmas. Hurrah!" And Lieut. Tom divine. Of medium height, just plump left tete-a-tete with his glorious cousin. enough for perfection of rounded outline, One night when our bachelor pipes-or and with the tiniest models of feet and | punch-had been stronger than usual l hands that ever fell to the lot of woman, | said words to that effect. Tom's rejoinher face was still her chiefest charm. der was characteristic. He thrust his Not regularly beautiful, with scarce a | tongue into his cheek, shut one eye very feature in it that would have been pro- | slowly, and nicking my glass with his nounced fine under critical analysis, there was yet an indescribable witchery in | to old Goldwin!" that face, or in the character reflected by it, that bound me hand and foot from the oval lines, with heavy bands of glossy hair, seemed to command, rather than ask, a second look. And who could look

twice and forget? There was a merry devil in her eyelarge, languid and black as sloe-that drew a timid man's heart right up into his throat and kept it kicking there with forty-horse power. And then the face was but an index of the sprightly but sound and well stored mind her father had seduously cultivated during a long widowerhood. And the steady, tender gleam that sometimes replaced the mischievous twinkle in those eyes could only have been drawn from the well spring of

With the first month of our acquaintance I began to believe I cared for Bettie Blythe; with the second I believed I loved her, and with the third I knew it for a certainty. On the fourth month I had told her I adored her wildly; and for three subsequent ones had come, again and again, to the very threshold of a repetition. Gentle and womanly, she had at first told me gravely-the rest of the face demure, while the eyes danced a very witches' dance to the tune of suppressed merriment-that, though we were very excellent friends, we were still almost strangers. I could only acknowledge the truth of what she said, so I prayed for forgiveness and for hope. She gave the pardon, the pardon gave the hope, and I wandered on in a fool's parabetter friends, though she let me meander unchecked through the most extensive fields of rhapsody and lay the tallest flowers of sentiment at her feet, yet the taper forefinger in arch warning, and the ripe lips formed the one word, "Remem-

I could not believe Bettie Blythe was flirting with me. There was something

too genuine, too womanly, about her whole being for that. She could never stoop, I said to myself for comfort, to a little triumph in the misery of the heart she knew to be hers in all honesty and ardor. No! Either you are to tell him the horses are dog she was trying to make a real "friend" of me, or-delicious idea!-she was beginning to love me without admitting it to herself. I was willing to take the chances of the first so long as I saw a

tween us on the subject there was yet that "mute converse of kindred souls." and Tom Jones apparently sympathized with me most completely. Bettie and he were fast friends, and Mayor Blythe permitted her to go anywhere under protection of "Cousin Tom," in whom he placed sion in her face that best suited my ardent longings! Later, when the early snows began to fall, how merry were those sleigh rides in the mayor's sober family sleigh, drawn by the sober family horse, Tom always acting Jehu! And when the icier breath of winter blew over the little lake, sheeting it with a surface glassy smooth, I had tenderly strapped the tiny skate thong round that ravishingly turned ankle-had held the taper fingers in mine as we glided in swift circles over its cold bosom. As I have said, Tom was always with us on these jaunts; but we were a partie carree and mindful of the philosophy as to what constitutes "company" and what a "crowd."

Anna Delton was ever Tom's companion. A quiet, fair baired, sensitive antipode in all things of her sworn ally, ing regretfully on the shadowy side of Bettie, under whose fostering protection maidenhood but straightens her back, she would nestle confidingly as though no harm could reach her there.

sacred for the profanation of slangy con- full allotment of the human span, the reel. densation, and your cousin's name is" - | senior Miss Belton had small confidence "Bully! You'll go then?" interrupted | in the taste or honor of the sterner sex. the irrepressible Boomerang. "I'll wheel She jealously watched the every move-'em round the block and bring'em in ment of her niece, religiously believing that each man who set his eye upon her He bounded down the stairs, sprang fragile form used it but as a medium into the sleigh, seized the reins, and, as | through which to cast unholy glances at the men jumped from the horses' heads, the estate—some ten miles back of Piketon-whose exponent she was. But the home of the spinster had no great charms for her heiress unless brightened by the presence of her stronger friend and ally: so, when Bettie could not be spared from her household gods, it was great comfort to quiet little Anna to sit under these also, and to stay there meekly so long as Bettie could alternately cajole or coerce the deaf spinster into permitting. But that ancient and unwinking Cerberus had carefully reconnoitered the surroundings of the mayoralty. She had long since concluded that I was the property of the lady of the house, and Tom, being only a piece of live furniture, like the cat, was not to be counted. So little Anna's last visit had been allowed to run into months. She could skate well, for all her fragility, and her taste and touch in music were both delicate but decided. So, after all, we made her useful, though I felt compunctious twinges when I reflected how heavy on hand she must be to poor Tom; for, besides all other reasons, it was an understood thing among us that Miss Belton was engaged. If not formally contracted to him she was so far committed to a certain Mr. Goldwin as to make that consummation a mere matter of time. Not a very enticing person was Mr. Goldwin, 60 in years and money grub in nature, but-as the senior Miss Belton was wont to say grimly-if not a brilliant man, he was at least a safe one. Twenty thousand a year was his allotment of this world's goods, and the very soul of the spinster swelled within her when she reflected what that would do

for "Shadynook." Yielding in all things, the white mouse appeared to accept her fate in this with perfect composure, but she shrunk with peculiar sensitiveness from any allusion to it by one of us. So, of course, none was ever made; but I-and I was sure Tom as well-looked upon her as one of the least interesting of the victims to the Moloch of convenance. Hence I fully appreciated the unselfish Bettie Blythe was just turned of 19, friendship that caused him to become a said, "Here's good luck, and bad 'cess

Verily, we need never leave our own circle for evidences of the mysteries of first week I knew her. Those rich, dark Nature's complex mechanism, and what very odd errors we make in our estimate of them sometimes!

At length its heiress had been imperatively called back to "Shadynook." The unmated Argus would have her return for its Xmas dismalness, and when that spinster foot was once put down there it stayed. Exacting the promise of a speedy visit from Bettie, before Xmas if possible, and indulging in many mysterious whispers and a perfect fusillade of kisses that set me on pins and needles of envy, the white-monsey one wept herself into her sleigh and faded out into

the snowy avenue. Tom and I, as members of Bettie's personal staff, had, of course, been included in the invitation to "Shadynook," but no time was decided in our council, and weeks rolled by with no definite plans about it. Happy weeks they were to me-full of sunshine, with only such flecks of shadow as made me enjoy the more. I basked in the smiles of the only woman I had ever really cared for, and, whether they were all

for me or not, I was inanely happy. For there's nothing half so sweet in life As Love's young dream.

CHAPTER II. OVER THE SNOW. Holiday week had set in heavy and threatening. It had spened with a promise of snow, and had closed with its verification so fast and furious that by Christmas eve the whole country for miles around Piketon was wrapped in dise. But though we became better and one spotless and unbroken mantle. The sleighing was perfect. Never in the memory of that much quoted oldest authority in Piketon had it been so good. Our metropolis was alive with excitefirst outright word I spoke carried up the | ment-like the classic city of Stoke-Pogis, it was "agitated to its center." The sudden furor for sleighing, added to the inevitable buzz of holiday preparation, drove the usually quiet population into a fever of action. Every available sleigh, however old, was rooted from its hiding place; horses accustomed only to the plow and the market wagon pricked up their ears to the unwonted hi-g' lang! of excited drivers, and even crockery crates and dry goods boxes were put upon extemporized runners.

All Piketon, swathed in furs or blankets, was bundled into something that would slide; the road to the "Bull's Eye"-the sedate drovers' tavern five possibility of the second. And besides, miles out—was resonant with the merry either gave me so much of her delightful | music of their bells and the rollicking laughter of their occupants, while its Though no spoken word ever passed be- primitive bar room and sanded parlor were alike crowded from nipping morn And how delicious is a sleigh ride

when all surroundings are propitious! Who that has ever wintered in a snow country but has a store of ready recollections that spring up at the first sound unbounded confidence. During the burn- of the bells? Be he a serious, well rounding days of that August many a charm- ed bachelor of 50 their lively jar shakes ing picnic had we in the grand old woods | the cumulate dust from still crevices of | against the dasher. The gray still kept about Piketon; in the mellow evenings of memory, and long slumbering remin- his head out and bore steadily on the autumn many a never to be forgotten | iscences, unrolling themselves like marsail on the little mirror of a lake. And | mets in the spring, crawl out to bask in what teas were those on the old veran- the sunlight of that long ago. Perhaps da, with the soft breeze sighing through | they find the gleam but a deceptive | the vines in sympathy with the beatings one now, and, after blinking at the of my heart, and the light just undecided present for a while, creep back again enough for me to imagine any expres- and curl themselves up for a longer nap.



couple behind me. No acrid and hopeless spinster walk- on me. drops her shoulders and smoothes out

And to those young hearts, susceptible to frolic as to sentiment and throb- saying: bing for ever changing excitement, what a delicious bound it sends!

Oh, the bells, sleighing bells, What a world of merriment their melody fore-

Yes, sleighing is glorious. 'Tis the next best thing to flying to sit in the light, strong cutter and glide over the smooth surface without noise or jar, seeming scarce to touch it. Your glossy black, catching the lively inspiration of his bells, shakes his head in huge frolic. stretches out afresh and spurns the snow in lighter wreaths from his ever quickening heels. Now for a brush! See that yellow jumper just ahead. Hu-y-a-ah! and the reins tighten, the clean head goes straighter out, the snow wreaths fly higher still behind the strong hoofs. We are off! We close the gap-the yellow sleigh gains once more-a length, two! Once more we close and fly along neck and neck! How the bells peal and shriek! How the horses race now as if for their own honor! How the clear, keen wind whistles past the fur tipped ears, exhilarating like huge bumpers of | champagne, as we fly along side by side for three hundred vards! Just ahead looms a huge "pung" loaded down and creeping over the snow. Now is the time; now or never! Straighten back, brace knee! Down comes the lithe lash over the black's flanks, and what a spurt we have! The brown mare strains every muscle; her driver lays flat back on the ribbons-now he plies his whip like mad! He laps us again; for a hundred yards. you could cover them both with a blamket! Once more we forge a length ahead. We near the pung-we gain a length-two. Hu-ya-a-ah! and the brown is in the air! We feel her hot breath on our necks; we just graze the pung, fearfully close, and wind in just before her! Oh, that was glorious!

And if anything can add to the fun it is to have a particular somebody tucked in beside one, with a pair of bright eyes that dance to the merry music of the rich laugh, with a tiny hand that rests, in pretty fright, on the tense arm that guides the black a thought too near the scrapers of the yellow sleigh. And it is 2 problem of easy solution-egiven, a neat cutter and a fast horse, to find any unknown quantity of tender femininity

But haven't I forgotten my story? I had just sprung the lock of my valise and wiped from my brow the drops that haste brought there even that bitter day, when Jones' tally-ho rang through the frosty street. Giving a final caress to the mouche on the wounded chin reflected by my parting glance at the mirror, Irushed down with my baggage. Tom sat with the reins twisted round his heavy gauntlets, beaming and triumphant, and his mustache one solid cake of ice. The horses stood stock still, covered with rapidly freezing foam, and blowing out volumes of mist that formed in delicate frostwork around their

"What did I tell vou? Look at the kittens," was the driver's salute; and as if to corroborate it, the gray mare made a terrific lunge forward, while "Jalap" stood straight up and pawed the air. "So-ho! steady, boys?" and the lieutenant braced himself hard against the gray.

lash over the sorrel's neck. "So, there! steady now. Bundle in quick now, old boy, while they are quiet." In bumped my valise, a signal for the brutes to execute another war dance. Over the n.ck seat I tumbled, and, as two pairs of heels threw a blinding shower of snow and icicles into my eyes and

down my back, I went headforemost into the folds of the buffalo. Before the conglomerate mass of valise and man was righted, we were off up the road in a full run, the sleigh jumping along like a football and Tom plying his whip like mad, keeping them at a full run while he yet had them well in

"W-what do y-ou me-mean?" I gasped, bumping about the back seat in huge discomfort, as the biting wind, rushingdown my throat with the force of a norther, nearly strangled me. "Wh-hy

don't you st-opp-'m?" "All right, my boy," Tom answered cheerily through his set teeth; and he braced every muscle afresh while the horses. "All right! you know I must bring 'em in quiet for Uncle Bob to-see. So, lads, so-o-o! now steady!" One long: sway of his broad back brought thems down to a canter, then into a swinging trot, and turning into the mayor's lane,

we drew up at the door. "There! hold the ribbons! I won't be gone a second. Bet's ready, I know;" and, forcing the reins into my reluctant hands, Tom sprang out and disappeared in the doorway.

Now, after all my tirade about racing and sleighing and such stuff, one might reasonably suppose me a very Phaeton, or at least a Hiram Woodruff. But I was always strong in theories and-in confidence: that stuff was all talk-pure imagination. Practically, I never was the least bit-horsey in my tastes, and always hated to drive unless I knew my beast to be perfectly harmless. In fact, I ever felt a tingle of brotherly sympathy for that bard of Cockaigne who

There's something in a horse That I can always honor, but never can indorse. Neither was I ambitious of the fate of Phaeton; so, keeping one eye fixed on the gray's ears and the other on the sorrel's heels, I went hand over hand up the taut reins until I felt safe to straddle the front seat, and finally brace myself bit, but the sorrel seemed to have had enough go in the late scamper and pulled dead against him. Congratulating myself that the doctor's horse acted as a counter irritant on the drawing propensities of his mate, I began to be less entirely miserable in my new position. I tucked the buffalo carefully round my legs, and by the time Miss Bettie's laugh rang out from the doorway, I actually plucked up spirit to turn one eye upon her. But the other was fixed on the gray's ears like the optic of the ancient mariner, even while I nodded with a dismal affectation of jollity. And Mayor Blythe was saying: "And you're quite sure they are safe.

"Gentle as lambs, sir, as far as I know," Tom answered, simply. "But me over the dasher. ask the man that handles em. He drove officer been studying the "Ready Liar, jumble of blinding sunlight on the snow: them from the stable." Had that young or Perjurer's Companion"? "Why, you can see they are, papa,

dear. I could drive them myself, couldn't I?" and Miss Bettie's eyes were turned When Tom had spoken, my inmost

soul was torn with a burning desire to do my duty, to throw myself upon the her wrinkles as the music of the bells mayor's breast and pour out my passion-She was sole heiress and sole compan- plays variations on a half forgotten ate belief that it was felony, wilful murion at her splendid residence, "Shady- theme of comy slei in and comfortal le der, suicide, to go! Now, had the reply nook," of a very deaf but Argus eyed wrappers, all winding to with a crash jeopardized my immortal part for all

name. There are some subjects too | grandaunt. Unmated herself for the ing crescendo of hot oysters and merry eternity, I could not have answered that from their sockets: but still I held on.

shoulder out of the socket:

emphasized pronoun. Those wondrous heads. to seize the whip Tom had thrown care- have something to drink." out of the gray's sight.

in his driver's perch!" Tom said, airily, | ton! to his uncle. "If the horses were only half as much so we might have a lively

I saw, out of the far corner of mine, ingly over the tense muscles of the gray. On how my soul went out in wild yearning that he might insist on that beast off horse from his scrutiny. My hope went from out of me, and the blackness of despair settled down over me and that demon team.

"Well, well; you must be careful of your off horse"-"Of course he will, papa. And now, good-by. Tom says we mustn't keep

them standing longer in the cold." In thumped Miss Bettie's bonnet box, and both horses answered the shock with a simultaneous thrill; but I braced my back, and, though my legs nearly went through the dasher, mana ed to keep that accursed gray still enough for Tom's officious leavetaking to hide it from his

"Ch yes, Uncle Bob, we'll be very carefellow; don't wait a second for me." dug his elbow into my back. Don't wait a second for me!

Ye gods! Did the insane wretch mean me to drive in reality? Was I to guide that chained thunderbolt and that kicking demon before me? Yes; Tom Jones evidently meant that. He had gone suddenly mad, beyond a doubt; but I was in for it, and what man dared I must. I took a long breath, let the whip fall well back out of the gray's sight, and, bracing my every muscle firmly, uttered

the mystic monosyllable, "G'lang!" It cut like a knife through the clear atmosphere, and the keen echo almost divided my tympana. The sorrel heard. He stretched himself, gathered and made a merry plunge forward; but that perverse brute of a gray only stuck his forelegs in the snow and sat down like a dog. Luckily, Miss Bettie managed to while the flexible wrist brought the long hold her father by such a string of prattle he noticed none of these circus like

"Mind, papa! don't forget the flanne" for old Mammy Watts; and be sure to send the pickles to Bowser; and have the presents on the Christmas tree, just as if I was at home—that's a dear papa: And, oh, be sure that Liza does the turkey to a turn for dinner to-morrow!"

"That was to have been your dinner,"

the old gentleman said, turning to me.

"That pleasure I must defer to please this small puss with her whims." The mayor seemed to me a great distance off. His words came to me through a sound in my ears like the boom of the sea, for that cursed gray still sat like a circus horse, and the sorrel pulled till his

nose almost touched the snow. "And, oh, papa!" cried Miss Bettie with a timely little scream of recollection, 'now don't forget the red wrapper for old

Patience-that's a dear!" "Give that gray devil the whip," Jones growled to me in a savage whiscruel lash descended on the flagging per, rounded off with something very like an oath. "You'll have all the fat in the fire with such - driving."

Give him the whip! I thought before Tom Jones of the Boomerangs had gone crazy. Now I knew, like all maniacs, he believed me as stark, staring mad as he was. "And, papa, dear, don't forget the

brandy peaches for Dr. Lindsey-your

present, remember," ran on that dear my fear with the words, "Now do go on, Whether the electric spark that thrilled through me at that whisper ran down the reins and magnetized the wind colic, and is the best remedy for gray, I never knew. Somehow we were Diarrhod. Twenty-five cents a bottle. gray, I never knew. Somehow we were in the road, the dasher full of snow, and

that sent acute agony to the marrow of my every bone. "Splendid! Perfect! Bravo!" shouted Tom from the back seat. "Your start was a picture; and that run into the drift and barking the pear tree don't count, as the bend hid them from Uncle

that devil's team going at a wild stroke

I thought madly I heard a gurgling sound of female laughter. I was wrong, though, for that second she said to me: "You do drive splendidly, indeed. And how good of you to rest Tom's arms! Poor Tom! why, how the reins have cut your hands!" "My arm is stiff as a poker, Bet.

Ah, baby, that's delicious!" Had I been driving the horses of the Sun, with the pit of Acheron gaping before me, I must have turned at that exclamation. There was misery in my spine and torture in my legs, but I did turn a little. Tom had pulled off his gauntlet, and she-yes, she was chafing his purple, ugly hand between two bewitching fur gloves! "See what a good cousin I am!" The

black eyes danced before me, and once more the musical laugh trilled out beautiful and birdlike. With agony in my back and bitterness in my soul I tried to echo it, but the hollow mockery ended in a ghastly grean as the brutes gave an extra plunge that nearly carried. The next twenty minutes were a nightmare. I hold in memory a vague

a whirling rush of trees and houses on the hill sides; a racking and torment in back, knees and arms; a whizzing whoo of wind in my half frozen ears. Twice I essayed to look around at the couple behind me, but the commandante in "Don Juan" was not more rigid than those strained leathers held me, while the molten fire rushing down my spine refused to let me bend my neck. I felt my hands must soon come off-my elbows and shoulder blades pull clear :

gurgling voice, thrilling through me madly, wildly, in a sort of dreadlike rich Burgundy, otherwise than by ful trance, for those twenty minutes. Then remembrance vaguely paints a "Gertle as kittens, Miss Bettie: hardly roadside inn; a collection of sleighs and frest en, Mr. Blythe." And I chuckled men running into the road and waving .eful hilarity. Then that infernal | their hands: then a crash, a cutter flying g., as if in judgment, nearly took my wildly aside and a man in a somersault. Last came a grinding jar, and I awoke "I knew they were, papa, dear. He from my nightmare, half lying between. would never risk me with them else; and, Tom and his cousin on the back seat. you see, he is driving." I was drunken, the horses neck deep in a snow drift and besotted, wild with the haschish of that rough coated men running for their

eyes shot me a glance of thanks; the tiny | "Splendid, by jingo!" yelled Tom to hands clapped in glee, and closing on me as, hastily extricating himself from each side the gray whiskers, drew the the buffalo, he ran to a man floundering old man's face down to the ripe lips. A in the road. "You're not hurt, I hope? clicking kiss, seemingly all around me I'm deuced sorry for the foul, but young in the sharp air, drove me perfectly horses-hard months-couldn't help it. drunk with envy. I was wild enough Beasts all right, I see. Come in and

lessly on the back seat; but even in the I drew a long, deep, gasping breath. E madness of that supreme moment I had tried to spring, but could only crawl. method enough left to keep it far back ever the scraper, and helped Miss Bettle; into the road. We were at the "Bull's "How impatient he looks, tucked up Eye" tavern, five good miles from Pike-

"Awkward fellow that," I said very cheerily, all things considered. I was hugely elated at being once more onterra firma, notwithstanding strong pro-Mr. Blythe's eyes travel rather hesitat- clivities displayed by my legs for shutting up like jackknives. And I could scarcely resist pulling on the little white hard in mine, as though Miss Bettie being exchanged for his own easy going | were the gray. "Awkward fellow! Sinhorse! But just then the perverse brute | gular he conldn't take care of his trapof a sorrel stood stock still and hid the when he saw me coming. But some people never will learn to drive."

"Never!" meekly responded the little lady; but the eyes that met mine for a: single second literally played in flashes of luminous merriment. What could

TO BE CONTINUED Effect of Caffeine.

Caffeine has not the property of taking the place of food; it does nothing: but replace the general tonic stimulation produced by taking food. For in fact if we admit that it is the direct immediate action of food which stimulates the stomach and the nervous system, and

that its alimentary value has primitively ful and drive very slowly. Go en, old nothing to do with it, one stimulant could be substituted for another under And lifting Miss Bettie to her seat, Tom these conditions. But caffeine, so far bounded over the scrapers like a cat. from economizing our reserves, will only "Go on! Why in the devil's name don't put a man deprived of food in a condiyou?" he whispered to me, pretending to tion to resume work by drawing on these arrange the robes. Then he called his reserves, of which it hastens the deuncle's attention to the new furs, and struction by stimulating the nervous system and through its intermediary that of the muscles. From that moment the organism will soon exhaust its nutritive stock, and caffeine will not be able toprevent it, though being of indubitable

> -Paris Herald. The Maid Knew Him.

yet temporary use for the physical forces.

Mistress (to her maid)-Did any one call during my absence, Marie? Marie-Yes, madame; Monsieur Pom-"Monsieur Pommier? I don't know

such a man." "I know him, madame. He came to see me."—Texas Siftings. "When you eat fish," said a distinguished physician, "don't eat anything: else with it. Bones are apt to slip into

the bread, or the cracker, or the potatoes

or anything else you take with the fish,

and thus become lodged in the throat." Young Gould has a pretty superstition. He wears his wife's picture in a locket on a chain, and believes he will have and

accident should he lose it:

A Scrap of Paper Saves Her Life. It was just an ordinary scrap of wrapping aper, but it saved her life. She was in the ast stages of consumption, told by physicians that she was incurable and could only hve a short time; she weighed less than seventy pounds. On a piece of wrapping paper she read of Dr. King's New Discovery, and got a ample bottle; it helped her, she bought's arge bottle, it helped her more; bought another and grew better fast, continued its use and is now strong, healthy, rosy, plump, weighing 140 pounds. For fuller particulars send stamp to W. H. C.le, Druggist, Fort smith. Trial bottles of this wonderful Discovery free at J. F

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of the blood, from which the elements of

vitality are drawn. If you feel "out of sorts," cross and peevish-take Dr. J. H. McLean's Sarsaparilla; cheerfulcers will return and life will Don't irritate your lungs with a stubborn ough when a pleasant and effective remedy may be found in Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm !



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